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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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LIFE presents its respectful compliments to the Queen of Spain, and congratulates her upon the birth of her son. As an American citizen and born ruler, we are glad that there is another of us kings, and we wish the little lad as many good gifts as ever were bestowed by a fairy god-mother.

We are happy also to give our sister Christina the benefit of our experience in the training of children. The raising of the young Alfonso, or Ferdinand, or whatever he may be named, is a matter of importance. It will probably be impossible to make a great man of him, because there is no perceptible source from which he can be expected to have derived the raw material for such a result. It will be fortunate if he may have inherited from his worthy mother the physical qualities which will make his stay on earth reasonably permanent and comfortable. That he should be great is by no means necessary, but for him to be good and dutiful is very much to be desired. So much his mother's training may secure if it is wise and fortunate. And, again, it may not; but the uncertainty of the issue cannot justify any neglect of preliminary effort.

LET him play baseball if he wants to, king or no king; and particularly if he should choose to practice the onerous duties of umpire, encourage him. It will be good practice, and you can protect his vitals from the violence of the pitcher by chain-plate armor and cotton batting. A little experience of the fury of a mob dissatisfied with his decisions will be worth everything to him in after life. There are no braver or more discriminating men than our hardy baseball umpires. The thrones of Europe might be filled from their ranks with profit to the nations and with considerable economy of the revenues of the effete monarchies.

KEEP him from doughnuts and lemon pie for a year or two to come. They are not the best diet for infants. Have him taught English. No king since the days of Columbus has been able to rule to advantage in the Span-

ish language; and that tongue must be considered unfit for purposes of government.

A little experience of poker would do him no harm, if carefully administered. Almost all the great American statesmen of the present day have had to learn how to draw to a bob-tail flush, and look wise over it. His intellectual endowment may make such knowledge valuable to him.

Do n't let him smoke cigarettes; but from the ordinary perils of childhood it is unwise to try too hard to shield him. It may be well to have a couple of dukes on the bank when he goes swimming—but he must swim. That is the inherent right of small kings.

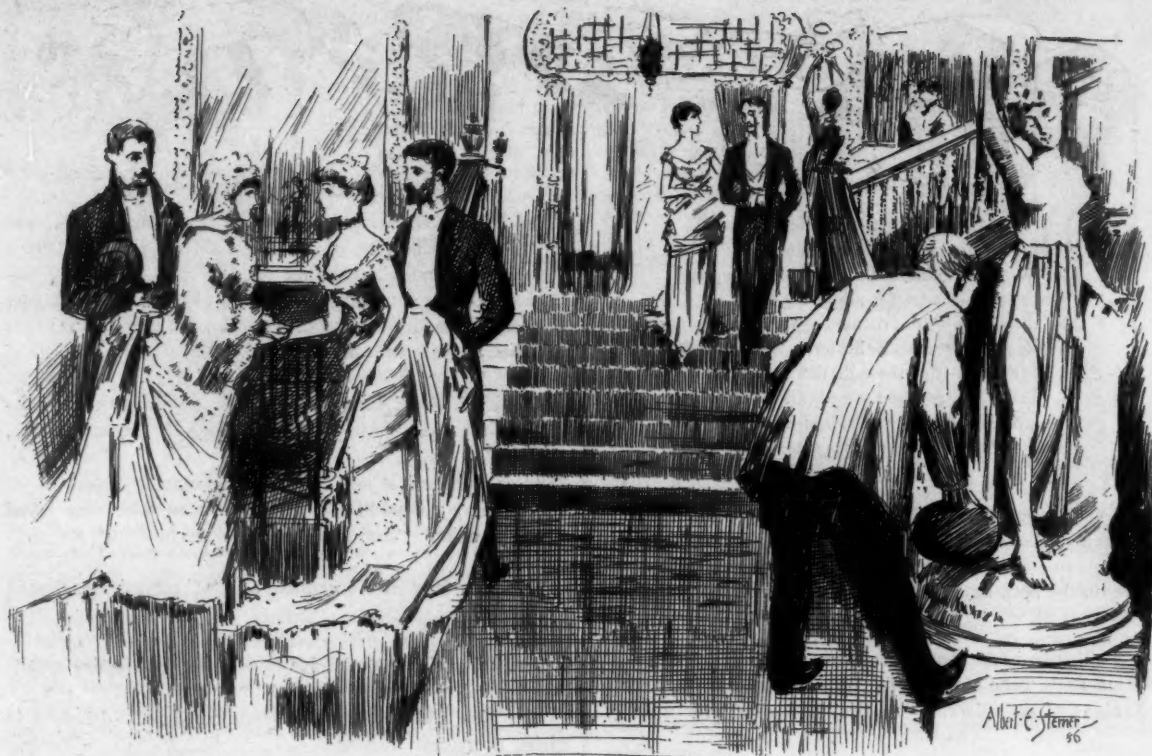
IT is a saving of meditation to know at the start what business you propose to have the little man eventually engage in. In the case of an ordinary American child there is an uncertainty as to whether, when he grows up, he will prefer to be a Minister of the Gospel or an Alderman; and to fit out her offspring with traits that would be equally useful in either vocation embarrasses the American mother in recurring particulars. You, Esteemed Majesty, have an easier prospect. Your little boy will either be a king or a dude, and your effort is limited to the duty of teaching him king-craft; since, if he is to be the other thing, the less he knows the better he will fit the part. The simplicity of your case is partially offset by the consideration that kingship is a "mighty onsertin" industry, but the child is committed to that profession with only the alternative specified.

We confess we do not envy you your anxious duties, but if while doing your best you instruct your broker to invest modestly from time to time in the stock of Don Carlos, you will hardly fail to have compensations whatever befalls. "Angels can no more." You have our sympathy and our counsel is always at your service.

WHERE, oh, where is the *Tallapoosa*? It is better that she should cruise off the banks of Newfoundland and be sinking American fishing schooners than that they should continue to fall into the hands of our impertinent neighbors.

THERE is an informal tradition that the tree that grew in Paradise and bore forbidden fruit was the apple. Jaehne knows better. It was the boodle tree; and a picture Jaehne draws of the serpent is a speaking likeness of Jacob Sharpe.

THE bans were published in Paris a week ago for the marriage of Patti and Nicolini. Thus by easy stages the famous singer is returning to the state of holy matrimony. The fair lady marries as she sings, on the installment plan.



AFTER THE SUPPER.

The Major (who is "tired"): GOOD NIGHT, MISH-ISH SHANDUSH; I'VE HAD A 'LIGHTFUL EVENING.

ATTIC.

FOR wit, various, subtle and finely drawn, the New York *Tribune* stands alone. It continues to amuse its readers by addressing the President as "Grover." There is something so exquisitely original and dignified in this especial form of humor that, aside from the unquenchable hilarity it invariably excites, we have the added pleasure of an intellectual feast. Of course there exist *blasé* individuals whom it wearies; there are also prigs who consider it in bad taste to address in this manner the official head of the nation; but every community has its cranks. Keep it up, brother; it does you credit.

IF you are going to have a motor you want one that will mote. If you have a bishop it is meet that the rustle of his sleeves should be heard. The lawn that decorates the assistant bishop of New York has come in contact with the labor question and made itself distinctly audible. Bishop Potter's recent pastoral letter smacks a good deal more of Galilee than of Gotham; in which particular it is a surprise and a refreshment.

DEAD men tell no tales—except when the spiritualistic medium gets hold of them.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE RABBIT AS A SPECULATOR.

A SAGACIOUS Rabbit once bought a young Wolf for a trifling sum, and determined to raise him; but when the Wolf became big and strong he waited till Thanksgiving Day and then killed the Rabbit and dined on the carcass.

MORAL: This Fable teaches the insecurity of foreign investments, and intimates that the hen that hatches out a strange egg is liable to obtain an unnatural child.

THE LITERARY JACKASS.

A JACKASS, desiring to achieve a literary reputation and being conscious of a natural deficiency, copied off one of the finest passages from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and sent it to a magazine. The MS. was rejected, and a note came back with it stating that the writer lacked fancy and imagination, and advising him to cultivate Wheelerian fervor and Whitmanic strength.

MORAL: This Fable hints at the infinite caprice of literary acumen.

INGEMISCA: I have painted a picture of Red Riding-Hood and the wolf.

John (looking at it): Which is the wolf?



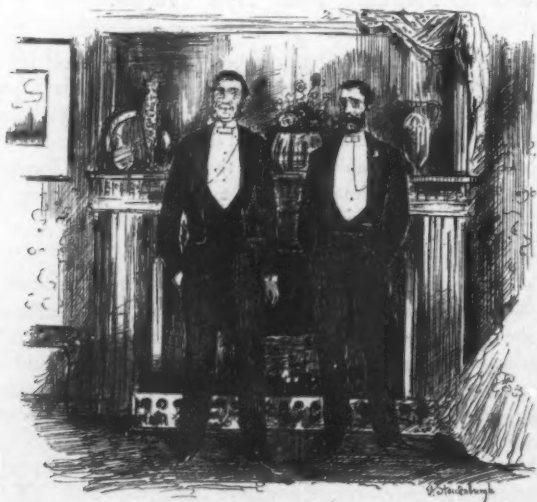
SIGNS OF SPRING.

HOW do we know that spring has come?
 I hear the bumble-bees gaily bum,
 And the shaded nooks of the picknicker's pants
 Serve as promenades for migrating ants,
 And the dudes on the corners again we see,
 Pursuing their studies in hosiery,
 As the maiden trips through the yielding mud,
 To the drug store to get some stuff for her blood;
 Aye, everything that we see and hear
 Seems to tell us that spring is somewhere near.

ONE of the arrested anarchists in Chicago said he would leave the country on the next train if the police would release him. The majority of the red-handed fiends will leave on the neck strain when the proper time comes.

IT will soon be no longer necessary for the Jerseyites to go to Paris to be inoculated. The coming mosquitoes will be able to fill all orders.

THERE is no truth in the rumor that Jefferson Davis and Henry Irving's legs were on a spree together last week.



First Stranger: SLOW, ISN'T IT?
Second Stranger: YES, VERY.
First Stranger: LET'S GO HOME.
Second Stranger: I CAN'T, I'M THE HOST.

OVERHEARD ON THE AVENUE.

OLD CHAPPIE: Ah, here comes De Peters, and weally, Chawles, you must excuse me, yerknow. He's a nice fellow and all that, but he wears such a beastly old-fashioned collar and always carries his gloves with the fingers in front instead of behind, that weally, yerknow, I am ashamed to walk with him.

"PENELOPE," said a New York lady to her little Boston niece, "will you see how high the thermometer is, please?"

"Yes, auntie, it is just even with the mantel-piece."

"Thank you," said little Penelope's aunt, who was equal to the occasion; "and now will you see how high the mercury is?"

"Seventy degrees, Fahrenheit, auntie," replied the Boston miss.

SHE: I notice that the daily papers are publishing wood-cut pictures of Herr Most.

He: Yes, and he has not yet been convicted. I believe in giving every man a show.

THE Ulster Presbyterians are bidding for American sympathy. It is theirs, but our money is risked on Home Rule.

GENTLEMAN (to picture dealer): I do n't want such expensive paintings. My house is small, and—

Picture Dealer: Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I understood you to say that you were furnishing a bar-room. (To clerk.) James, show this gentleman that line of two-dollar chromos.

FASHION ITEM.

WHEN you see a man wearing a fancy shirt with a plain white collar attached, do not judge him too hastily. We grant that he looks like an ass, but there is always one chance in a million that he is n't. He may be a very intelligent citizen, and is merely deficient in taste. If the effect of a paper collar on a real shirt is agreeable to him there is no reason why he should not be allowed to dress in such a manner as produces that effect. The origin of the fashion was this: Mr. Albert E. Wales ordered some fancy shirts, and the material giving out, his frugal mother utilized a few of his plain collars and had them stitched on. Albert objected, but his mother was firm; the fashion was set, and to this day we occasionally see this sweet combination. It gives a man the appearance of wanting to borrow some money to go to a dog fight; but then, don'tcherknow, you can't always tell.

THE LAST CAPITALIST.



HE setting sun slowly sank in the golden west; and as its last rays fell upon the city, they gilded with equal radiance the stately mansions of the out-cast railway magnates and the smaller but happier homes of the powerful Knights of Labor. The great glistening orb seemed to recognize no difference between the poor but mighty workman and the rich but helpless millionaire. It was the only thing that had refused to boycott the latter.

All summer long the luminary alluded to had continued to shine from ten to fourteen hours per day, notwithstanding the fact that it had been officially notified by Grand Worthy Masterful Workman Chowderly to discontinue the iniquitous practice and put in only eight hours per day, under pain of having a cover placed over the green cheese which it uses as a reflector.

Everything else had given in to the grand labor revolution save this rebellious body. The earth had been brought to time long ago, and now revolved in accordance with the dictates of General Assembly Number 1916. The stars were all getting double wages on account of night work, and a large number of the constellations which had refused to join the union had been entirely cast out of the firmament. The ocean, after a three months' boycott, instituted because it harbored non-union steamers, had at last given in, and was upon payment of a heavy fine permitted to wash the shores of America, providing that for such washing it should charge the same rates as that in the schedule of the Washerwomen's Amalgamated Ironing Board.

The government of what was formerly the United States (now the Union) was vested in Grand Worthy Masterful Workman Chowderly and an Executive Committee. The William Goat had succeeded the Eagle as a national emblem, and the flag of the Union was a brilliant red banner, bearing a white arm below the motto, "Labor, Capital, Vincit." No man able to write a grammatical sentence was allowed to vote, and he who possessed more than forty dollars worth of property was ineligible to office. Employers of labor were securely fastened in their offices during the day; but Saturday afternoons they were permitted to emerge from their seclusion long enough to pay off, provided they did so with expedition and politeness.

What was formerly the Stock Exchange was now the Artisan's Fancy Stock Show, and daily from twelve to two the unfortunate ex-speculators were released from their cells and permitted to fight each other, for the edification of the visiting laboring men, who with their wives and children thronged the galleries. One of the popular attractions at Central Park was a live Vice-President called Boxie, caught in the wilds of Missouri and thence brought to New York. This strange specimen of a nearly extinct race, securely chained by the leg to a stout tree, was the centre of an animated group of ladies and children, who found great satisfaction and amusement in prodding him with umbrellas and sticks. The captive had taught himself the trick of climbing up and down his tree with considerable agility, and could balance a bun on the tip of his nose, to the immense delight of the little ones.

The millionaire and the monopolist, who once possessed the land,

were now almost entirely unknown. Most of them had taken to the wilds of the far Northwest, many had been destroyed in numerous unfortunate attempts to regain their former supremacy, and a number had escaped to England and were now leading wretched lives as imitation Englishmen.

In the days immediately following the grand Labor Reformation, the capitalists found themselves in such great disfavor with the victorious workmen that they hid themselves in the seclusion of their palatial residences, and ventured forth only at night-fall for fear they would be recognized and boycotted. Completely subdued and made to feel their great inferiority to the noble army which had been victorious under the banner of Labor, they had disappeared, and the



THE STRANGE SPECIMEN.

quarter of the city formerly occupied by them was quite deserted. To be wealthy was now to be considered a social pariah and to be subjected to the misfortunes of a hunted outcast. Consequently it was no longer considered the thing to be rich; wealth, except as provided for by the rules of the Knights of Labor, was to be shunned rather than sought.

The fashionable portion of the city was in that section formerly called Shantytown, and the dudes of this era sat at eventide in their



THE LURKING CAPITALIST.

shirt sleeves with slippered feet placed upon the fence. "Sundays out" were the fashion. English, unless well seasoned with a foreign brogue, was scarcely ever spoken, and the Constitution of the Union was printed in the Irish tongue.

While the setting sun alluded to in the foreground of this sketch was preparing to pass beyond the view of the inhabitants of New Cork (as the metropolis of America was now called), a stranger wan-

dering through the deserted section of the city, once occupied by mighty men of wealth, could not but have felt the melancholy influence of the place and scene. Beautiful residences which years ago must have been the abiding place of animated gayety now stood silent, sombre and deserted. Grass grew upon the marble stairways; the windows were broken or covered with dust, and the stones of which



AT EVENTIDE

the houses are constructed crumbled slowly into decay. An ominous and fatal quiet brooded over everything; the only animated objects which could be seen were an occasional scared-looking foot passenger, who hurried by with downcast head and averted eyes, or the stern and grim-visaged metropolitan boycotter, patrolling his district with deliberate and mighty tread. A feeling akin to pity for the extinct race must have stirred the heart of the observer of all this, as he reflected that despite the many errors and sins of these people, they, too, wore pants and were possibly distantly connected with the great labor family.

One of the capitalist leaders was still at large and his whereabouts unknown. The object of a long and careful hunt, a price set upon his head, his former life as a railway manipulator had so qualified him for dodging and evading detection that, despite the tremendous rewards offered for his apprehension by the Government and the

diligent and unrelenting search made for him, he had up to this time succeeded in eluding his pursuers. This man was Gay Jould.

Looking anxiously through the keyhole of a front door in one of the largest residences in the proscribed district crouched a small gentleman attired in the fashionable garb of a laboring man. Although his figure showed great traces of suffering, his forehead was high and white. Spectacles he wore, and his face was smooth shaven. A minute examination of this person would have shown that the high, frank forehead was artfully constructed of wax, that his apparently honest eye was of glass, his horny hand made so artificially, and his clean shaven face unnatural. In short, the man was Gay Jould, and in order to further conceal his identity, he had severed his left arm and substituted a false one, three-eighths of an inch shorter than its fellow. Close scrutiny would have disclosed a still greater proof of his being something else than a laborer. His skin undoubtedly proved that within a month he had *taken a bath!*

The wretched figure peered from the keyhole until the sun disappeared, and then hastily opening the door he fled out into the apparently deserted street.

Quickly he sped down the pavement, keeping close to the walls of the houses and glancing sharply in every direction. Avoiding the boycotter on that beat, he finally reached a butcher shop. With an effort he entered, and in a subdued voice asked for ten cents' worth of dog meat.

The butcher, reaching below his counter, was in the act of placing the tempting morsel in a bit of brown paper, preparatory to handing it to the hungry customer before him, when, with a wild shout of joy, a man entered the door, grabbed the unfortunate capitalist by the neck, wrenched the false arm from his body, pulled away the wax forehead, plucked out the honest eye and threw the spectacles to the floor, disclosing behind all these the figure of the long-sought Gay Jould!

The elated captor, still holding the neck of his victim in his brawny right hand, raised his left arm skyward and exclaimed, "Villain, behold me; I am Martin Irons! Och hone! Wurra!! Whoop!!! At these dread words the unfortunate listener gave a groan of agony and fell lifeless upon the sanded floor. So perished the last of the capitalists.

W. C. Edgar.



A MORAVIAN VILLAGE ROMANCE.

WHEN a writer puts himself in thorough sympathy with a locality, breathes its atmosphere, and sees things through the colored lenses of its prejudices, he has acquired one of the first requisites for a valuable work of fiction. If the background of the picture is not true, the figures which give it life and meaning will seem sadly out of place. It appears that American writers are just awaking to the wonderful variety of life, and incident, and locality afforded by this country of ours, which has become great by absorbing so many elements. A word of honest praise should therefore be given any one who studies for us the light, the color, the social value of one gem in the great mosaic.

And this is the merit of Wolcott Balestier's romance, "A Victorious Defeat" (Harper & Brothers). He has given a beautiful, idyllic picture of life among the Moravians of Pennsylvania about the beginning of this century. The village of "Judea" is evidently Bethlehem, and that quaint and quiet settlement is delicately etched. When the story

leaves Judea for New York or Maryland it loses half its charm. The changes of scene are in this case an artistic mistake. The symphony in one gray tone would have left a charming and unique impression.

* * *

THIS criticism touches the radical fault of the whole story. It lacks condensation, unity, intensity. With many elements of strength, it is essentially weak. The pure yet passionate Moravian Minister, *Keator*, bravely fighting the battle between faith and love; the beautiful *Constance* struggling with admiration for *Keator's* nobleness of character and womanly love for the worldly but genuine *Owen March*; and *March*, the loyal English gentleman, striving to be true to his heart and his sense of duty—these are the characters well conceived and mingling strength and weakness in that proportion which makes them kin to humanity.

Here are all the elements for a great tragedy of the heart; and set upon the quiet and intensely religious background of the Moravian village it should have been most impressive. One has only to think of *Hester Prynne* moving through the sombre streets of Puritan Salem with the *Scarlet Letter* on her breast to realize how impressive this story might have been made.

ONCE or twice Mr. Balestier strikes the note clearly. The scene in the church when *Constance* stands up to receive the censure of *Elder Weiss* is genuine and full of force. And the touch is delicate and fine with which the changing moods of *Constance*, from wrath and chagrin to quiet self-command, are pictured in the scene which follows, when she walks with *March* through the cemetery, in the twilight. There is clear vision shown in these episodes.

But beyond lies so much that is misty and prolix—not passion and true feeling, but vague sentiment. The dialogue is often so colorless and dreary. There is no rising to a great moral climax in which *Keator's* self-denial stands out clear and radiant as a snow-capped mountain. One feels that the author had glimpses, through the mist, of moral grandeur rising above moral weakness, but he never got above the clouds.

The true seer goes up into the mountain alone and comes down with the glory in his face to make a revelation.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

BEATON'S BARGAIN. By Mrs. Alexander. Henry Holt & Co.

Whom God Hath Joined. By E. G. Martin. Henry Holt & Co. *American Etchers.* By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Frederick Keppel & Co., New York.

Living or Dead. By Hugh Conway. Leisure Hour Series. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The Mayor of Casterbridge. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The Saunterer. By Charles Goodrich Whiting. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

The Familiar Letters of Peppermint Perkins. Illustrated. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

New England Sunday. The Olden Time Series. By Henry M. Brooks. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

Burglars in Paradise. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The Riverside Paper Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

TRA-LA.

THE gossips that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
Are worse than the fiend down below.
Their lies at the public they fling, tra-la,
Like flocks of vile birds on the wing, tra-la,
As hither and thither they go.
And that's why I swear 'tween each note as I sing,
D—I take the vile gossips that bloom in the spring!
Tra-la-la tra-la-la tra-la-la tra-la-la.
Oh! the gossips that bloom in the spring.

Grover C——d.

MOTTO for an umbrella—*Suum Cuique* (let each man have his own).

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy"—and our neighbors have been lying about us ever since.

"YO' says dey pumps dat ar coal ile outen de yarth?
"Den, Honey, you looks out fer fun one o' dese days! Fer when de ile all clean gone offen de yarth's axtle she boun'to get a-fire, and den prophesy be 'stablished shuah 'nuff!!"

"CANAUCLERS" should make good burglars, since they can take a whole boatload of goods through a lock without forcing it.

AFTER INFORMATION.

"PA," said Bobby, sleepily, "can I ask you one more question if it taint foolish?"

"Ya-as, one more."

"How much older is a ripe old age than a green old age?"



ANOTHER!

Young Powderly (reading): * * *

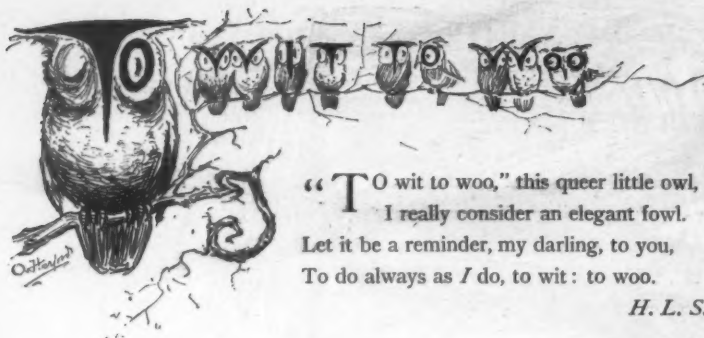
AND WHEREAS, WE FIND WE DON'T GIT RED COLOR ENOUGH IN OUR STRAWBERRY CREAM, NOR ENOUGH YALLER IN OUR WANILLA, NOR IS OUR COCOANUTS SO JUICY AS THEY SHOULD BE, TO SAY NOTHIN' O' THE SMALL MEASURE OF PEANUTS WE GIT FOR A CENT; THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED BY US IN SOLUM CONCAVE ASSEMBLED, THAT ALL THE STANDS IN THE CITY IS BOYCOTTED UNTIL THESE THINGS IS RIGHTED. BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE!

• LIFE •





A SUGGESTION.



"TO wit to woo," this queer little owl,
I really consider an elegant fowl.
Let it be a reminder, my darling, to you,
To do always as I do, to wit: to woo.

H. L. S.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE Kermess in aid of the Skin and Cancer Hospital, to take place the 27th and 28th of this month at the Thirty-fourth Street Park, promises to be a most brilliant affair. They always are brilliant, and the noble charity in whose aid they are organized renders them occasions in which money "thrown away" is money well spent. It could not be "thrown away" to a better purpose. This institution, by the way, has treated more than three thousand patients during the three short years of its existence.

Whatever else you fail to do, buy some tickets to the Kermess. You will experience an unusual series of delights and sleep better for many nights.



FOR the last dozen centuries or so there has been a popular impression that the orthodox grandmother should be a nice, gray-haired old woman, with gold rimmed spectacles, a snow white cap, stores of antique anecdotes and an inexhaustible fund of advice. She is generally represented as sitting in a wide-armed chair, downily cushioned, surrounded by grandchildren of all ages.

Such a grandmother will soon be behind the times. The age has dubbed her senile inactivity laziness and lack of enterprise. There is a field for our grandmothers—wide, far-reaching as the great Sahara—where shekels can be gleaned and fair reputations won.

All the aged aspirant has to do is to embrace the little ones around the fireside, bid them farewell, and set out for the nearest theatre where comic opera is played. Arrived at the house she will cast aside her flounceless gown and its accessories, array herself in tights, don a wig and war paint, forget that her joints are old and unused to exertion, and announce her willingness to lead the ballet.

AT THE ART SCHOOL.

MRS. NOUVEAU: "And is that large picture some of your work?"

Pupil: "Mine? Oh, no, madam. That is one of the old masters."

Mrs. Nouveau (in undertone to her companion): "I don't like to hear a young man speak so disrespectfully of his teachers."

BEFORE marriage a man thinks his girl prettier than his friend's; after marriage he thinks his friend's wife prettier than his own.

Lessons in this art can be obtained by metropolitan grandmothers of the present time at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where Miss Lydia Thompson nightly pirouettes in all her sixtiness. She winks at the baldheads in the front rows, and remembers that she and they were boys together; she smiles at the children in high collars and silver-headed canes, who are too young to appreciate her.

"Old age gives good advice when it is no longer able to set a bad example," says Rochefoucauld. But the cynic knew nothing of the boundless possibilities of the day, and he wotted not of Lydia Thompson.

Miss Thompson appears as *Prince Fritz* in gray silk tights, and a tunic at least six inches long, in a piece called "Oxygen," which has been "adjusted to a new metre" by William Gill. There is nothing at all in the thing but a foundation for "gags." How Mr. Gill manages to concoct his burlesques is an interesting matter of surmise. Are they sold at so much per pound of paper, or does he charge for the ink used? "Oxygen" would be exorbitantly expensive on either terms.

It is exuberantly stated on the programme that the costumes were "devised by Lydia Thompson, Mesdames Stokes, Hudson, and assistants." What these females—there must have been five at least—devised, I am at a loss to know. The attire of all the females on the stage, sewn together, would not have made one decently long dress.

Miss Thompson's make-up is certainly admirable. Not a day over five and thirty does she look. In fact it seems hard to believe that the actress playing with Mary Anderson at the Star Theatre, under the name of Miss Tilbidey, is the daughter of the nimble, golden wigged little dancer who basks the Fourteenth Street Theatre audiences in the radiance of her fascinating smile.

The company supporting Miss Thompson is good. Louis de Lange as *The Burgomaster*, and Richard F. Carroll as a lout, are extremely amusing in their way, which, unfortunately, also happens to be Mr. Gill's way. Miss Addie Cora Reed and Miss Lillie Alliston also contribute to the general good. The scenery used in "Oxygen" is exceedingly harrowing, and gives a bad flavor to the production.

SHE OF THE STRONG MIND.

SHE sings of the good that will come to the world

When all women have their say;

But she won't dress up in a low-neck waist,

Because she's not built that way.

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THE SADDEST OF ALL.

THE knowledge that Mary Anderson is to retire from the stage for some years will cast a gloom over every lover of true dramatic art. What is to become of us? The glorious example of her career remains, however, to teach us what advertising and photography can accomplish when unfettered by talent.

AN OLD SEA-DOG—The Aneur.

CUT RATES—Prices for engraving.

A DRESS PARADE—Fourteenth street.

VERY BAD AGES—Dam-ages.

A PEACEFUL QUILT—A crazy one.

UPSIDE DOWN—A feather bed.

UNAPPRECIATIVE.

SARCASTIC maiden, home from school,

Says "How glad my friends are!"
Bright as May-fields, and as cool,
None know what her ends are.

"First they say 'Why, how do dear?'"

Then they kiss me—smack!
Then, 'So glad to see you, dear,
WHEN YOU GOIN' BACK?'"

E. B.



HERMES NAPPING.



WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7th.

A SUMMARY of the business of the last seven days would show that Mr. Hxwxtt, of Nw Yrk, made eight tariff speeches. Four members

went mad and two died. Mr. Mxhxxy, of Brxxkln, introduced eighty-nine resolutions congratulating Ireland on Mr. Glxstxne's pseech, England on Lord Txnnxsn's silence, and America on fact that he (Mr. M.) was a naturalized citizen. Mr. O'Hxrx, of Nxrxth Cxrxlinx, presented a petition signed by one hundred and two lodges of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hibernians praying that the

Washington Monument should be painted green, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Rxndxll, of Pxnnx., asked unanimous consent to be allowed to recite a dramatic poem, which he promised would not be sad, but jovial. Mr. Phxlps of Nw Jxrsxy remarked that as long as it was n't 'ostler-jovial it was all right. Mr. Hxlmxn, of Liverville, Pad Co., objected, however, and Mr. Bxlmxnt, of Nw Yxrk, moved to throw the whole matter under the table and proceed to the consideration of the "River and Harbor Bill." He bitterly complained that Coney Island Creek was so filled up with old sardine boxes and oyster shells that the channel was obstructed, the important industry of crabbing was seriously interfered with and navigation was at a standstill. As for himself, he lived on the Great South Bay and would continue to Babylon the subject until Coney Island Creek should be cleared. He

moved an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a survey of the work to be done. Mr. Mxxxxxx, of Illxxxx, proposed to amend the motion by striking out the words "two hundred and fifty thousand dollars" and inserting "not one — cent," and insinuated that under the XXXVIIIth Rule of the House Mr. Bxlmxnt was a chump.

At this point the following letter from the President was laid before the House:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

In response to the resolution of the House of the 1st inst., inquiring as to my matrimonial intentions, I desire that the subject be allowed

to fall into innocuous desuetude. It is a chestnut—a *marron glacé*, as Dan Lamont has the gall to suggest. The correspondence connected with the matter is private and unofficial, and I positively refuse to let Mr. Edmxnds see it. It has nothing whatever to do with the fact that I recommended the White House being enlarged, or my having purchased an \$18.00 peachblow diamond ring the other day.

GRXVXR CLKVXLND.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1886.

The communication was ordered to be printed, and on motion of Mr. Rxxdall the House adjourned.

SPORT

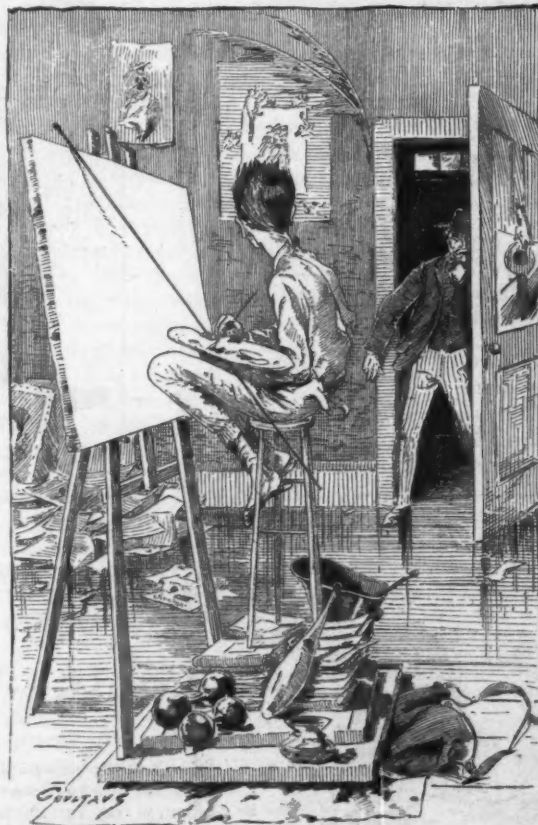
CEDARHURST is a barren, brown waste by the gray sea; but Society, the great, has laid upon the place the mystic chrism of its holy hands, and he who does not henceforth call it beautiful must be content to walk with publicans and sinners. "Have you been down to Cedarhurst? No? Oh, do go by all means. It is such a lovely spot." That's the sort of thing one hears every day now from the women of the racing set. Cedarhurst is not a lovely spot. It never was. In times gone by it answered Byron's description of the Troad, which he spoke of as a "fine field for conjecture and snipe shooting."

CEDARHURST is beautiful to women because steeplechases take place there. It is a curious fact that the female mind is not contemplative. Women are miserably unhappy if they have to live alone in the country. They do not feast upon the riches of their own souls. They never commune with themselves. They always want some one else to converse with. Books, nature and their own immortal intellects never satisfy them. Neither do flat races. Women want excitement, especially women of the world, and they want it all the time. Flat races are not exciting enough for them. The fact is, women are all gamblers at heart. They want to take the chances on something. Betting gloves and buying five-dollar pool tickets is too mild. But when they can see human life and limb risked in a steeplechase they are happy. This sounds harsh and cynical, does it not? But take the women away from Cedarhurst, and how long would the place last? Take away the steeplechases, let everything be run on the flat, and see how long the women can be induced to go there!

THEY ought all to have been happy last Saturday, in spite of the fact that Wellington could not do better than finish seventh in the great race of the day. An Englishman was thrown and crushed and generally broken in a most thorough and sportsmanlike style. It was a great day for the fashionable turf. Of course the same thing might happen to Work, or Keene, or Hitchcock; but then it would be such a beautiful death to die.

THAT odd little bundle of bones and sinews known as L. E. Myers propelled itself the distance of one mile last Saturday evening faster than another bundle, known as W. G. George, was able to do. It was a great sight for the American eagle, and his screams of joy were heard far and near. It was fair and honest rejoicing, too, for George has been the greatest amateur mile runner of his time, while Myers never pretended to be good for that distance. But the slow time is conclusive proof of one thing. George was not at his best. He must have been far from it to run a mile eleven seconds slower than his best time. Therefore, if he and Myers should come together again at as long a distance, it would be a good thing to make some inquiries as to the condition of the two men before wagering any large amount. In his normal condition George is great at a mile and can beat Myers. This is not Anglo-mania; it is simple common sense.

SEARS beat Petit at tennis the other day. Sears is a disappointing player to the spectator. He never does anything astonishingly brilliant. But the secret of his play is simple. Wherever the ball is hit, there Sears is sure to be. His close watchfulness of his adversary's style of play and keen observation of his stroke, cut and the direction in which the face of his racket is turned enable him to find the place where the ball is going and to be on hand to return it. Young players would do well to study this feature of the game and spend less time in trying to master fancy services and exhibition back-handed cuts.



UP WITH THE TIMES.

First Artist: WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING? WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES?

Second ditto: I'VE JUST SOLD MY PICTURE AT THE ACADEMY, AND THE PURCHASER INVITED ME TO CALL ON HER, SO I'M PUTTING A CREASE IN MY TROUSERS.



REGRET.

I DO not mourn, sweet wife of mine,
Because those ruby lips of thine—
That marble brow—
Were kissed by one who might have been,
Had I not chanced to step between,
Thy husband now.

I sigh not that his arms were placed
Some scores of times around your waist,
So sweet and slim.
Oh, no, my love! the woe you see
Is mine because you wedded me
Instead of him.

—The Alleghanian.

HENRY FARNHAM, who was for years city marshal of Bangor, kept a store in Winthrop a long time ago. One day a disreputable fellow came into Farnham's store and said:

"Mr. Farnham, a man just told me that you told him you would not trust me as far as you could sling a bull by the tail."

"I did n't say that," said Farnham, gravely.

"I thought you did n't," continued the fellow, "and I told the man so."

"No," added Farnham, "that is not what I said. I told him I would not trust you as far as I could sling a bull up hill by the tail."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

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"What story is that, Colonel?" asked the erudite and industrious assistant.

"Why, that paper says Cotopaxi can sometimes be heard 500 miles."

"Do n't you believe it?"

"Of course I do n't believe it. I'll bet there is n't a singer in the world that can be heard half that far."

"But Cotopaxi is a volcano, Colonel."

"Is it? I thought it was one of those Italian fellows that go around with Patti."—*Exchange.*

TO QUENCH THIRST.

THE New York *Progressive American* says: "A feverish thirst that cannot be quenched by water may be allayed thus: Throw a slice of bread upon burning coals, and when it is aflame throw it into a tumbler of water. This remedy has been tested and proved excellent." This remedy may be very good. Detroit uses a different recipe. A chemical fluid named sherry is put into a glass that contains small pieces of ice. These are shaken together and a strawberry or some pineapple is put on the surface, and perhaps a bit of mint or other vegetable substance to give it a thirst-destroying property. The medicine is taken slowly and through a straw, and is said to be very beneficial to the human system. There are many places in this city where competent apothecaries, with white aprons in front of them, stand ready at all times to compound the preparation, as it is often required in a great hurry and they desire to be ready for any emergency.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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